BY CHARLES J. BELLAMY.

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(Continued from last week.)

CHAPTER XXI.

OUT, DAMNED SPOT.

Philip dipped his pen in the inkstand. He was sitting in his study at home, later in the afternoon than usual. Nothing unimportant could have detained him so long from his factory, and, besides, there was a look of unusual solemnity on his face. Philip Breton had just written his will. It was a very elaborate instrument, prepared from memoranda of the ablest lawyer in the state. A moment ago he had signed it, and the names of the witnesses were not dry yet. He had been uneasy for a long time that the destiny of the thousand creatures who worked in his mill, and of their successors forever, should hang on so feeble a thread as a human life, which might snap before he could give spontaneous energy to the plans that now only lived in his brain. He wrote in large, plain letter across the back of the paper, "The Last Will and Testament of Philip Breton." Then he read the whole instrument over again—the magna charta of Bretonville. How glad the village would be when his will came to be known—when it was found that the mill owner had not been satisfied with what he could do in his lifetime, but had placed his benevolence on a perpetual footing, had reached back his hand from his grave to shower blessings on the laboring poor God had committed to his charge. Some men had wives and children to work for, to defend, to hope for. If he had been happy, and blessed with love and kisses, he might have been like the rest, never listening to the groans of his poor under burdens too heavy for them to bear. His heart would, perhaps, have been full of the little wants and trivial discomforts of his own circle, his mind busy with plans for the future of his sons, while a thousand dreary hopeless lives wore themselves out in the struggle for their scant bread, with never one pitiful thought from him.

Philip Breton was relieved now that he had made his will. He folded it carefully and put it in his inner breast pocket. Perhaps, he thought sadly enough, if he should die this moment it would be better for Bretonville, for his will might waver while he lived. He might not be able to sustain his high tone, but once dead, nothing could be changed. The words that an idle stroke of his pen could make null and void when once his hand became rigid in death, would leap forth from the written page into potent everlasting life. Suddenly he remembered another occasion when, as he had sat at this very table, he had been interrupted by the servant bringing him a letter—no, it was a note from Bertha. And he had been very happy, fancying the shadow had gone from his life. He just had opened this very table drawer when the maid had tapped at the door. He had been searching for something at the time. Oh! it was one of Bertha's pictures, and it must be here still. In a moment more he was unclasping a morocco case, then gazing with such tenderness as one has for the dead on the delicately tinted oval of Bertha's beautiful face in porcelain. The great blue eyes seemed to look surprise and reproach at him. It had been long ago, before so much as a dream of sin had tainted the holy innocence of her girlhood.

Philip closed his lips very tightly; he longed unutterably for her lost innocence; he hungered so desperately for the maidenly purity that looked out of these startled eyes. If she had died then, he might at least have cherished her memory. What had he done that he should be punished so terribly? Then the memories of the day when the picture was taken came rushing back upon him.

They two had been sitting in her garden on the afternoon of a summer day. It was two, three, almost four years ago, but he could see the blooming roses and hear the drowsy hum of the bees as if it had been yesterday. He had been reading a love poem to her; that was as near as he dared come to love making; sometimes letting his voice soften and tremble a little over the tenderer passages. He was but a timid lover, and Bertha so royally cold. Suddenly glancing at her, he saw she was overcome with the heat, and had fallen asleep leaning her shapely head back against the rough bark of the tree. Her fingers loosely clasped in her sloping lap suggested perfect repose; the girlish bosom rose and fell with her still breathing, and there was an exquisite pout on her lips, as if vaguely mutinous against the hardness of her pillow. His heart was beating violently as he laid aside his book and seated himself on the bench by her side. But he dared not profane the vestal purity of such sleep as hers; he devoured her face with his eyes, but did not steal one kiss from the red lips, though there was such a sweet, mute invitation on them. But he put his arm about her and drew her toward him as gently as if she were a sleeping infant, and made her head rest on his shoulder. Then he looked down the red tinged cheeks, like the woods in autumn's tenderest mood, swept by her long, golden eyelashes, and tried to fancy she was awake, though her eyes were closed, and that she was willing her head should rest on his breast and her hair like fine threads of twisted Roman gold kiss his burning face.

But she moved in her slumber, and then her star like eyes opened and looked mute astonishment into his eager face. For one startled moment she did not move, and in sudden boldness from the liberty he had already taken he poured his passionate declarations into her ears, covering her hair and her forehead and then her cool white hands with kisses.

"You frighten me, Philip." Her quick, startled tones as she rose to her feet yet rang in his ears. She looked at him as half of a mind to run away. "I don't understand you," she said, reproachfully. The porcelain picture is just as she was then.

"Why, Bertha." He had risen, too; but she drew back from him. "I love you. I want you for my wife."

How coldly she had looked at his flushed, excited face. He thought it was the supreme moment in his life; but it seemed to be nothing to her.

"Is that all? Why, I thought you were mad."

Ah, and the same madness burned in his soul this moment. Time could not wear it out. Shame, outrage, desolation could not kill it. He rose to his feet and pushed the tinted porcelain away from him.

Mrs. Silas Ellingsworth was all smiles and grace as Philip entered her parlor, and she shook hands with him, lingered as cordially over the greeting as if she had quite forgotten her pretty fingers had ever been on his throat. She made him take a seat and began to make conversation with him, as if she supposed he had called to see her. But suddenly she affected to be struck with an idea.

"Oh, I know why you are not more talkative, you didn't come to see me at all." She stepped to the door. "Susan, call Miss Ellingsworth."

"Miss!" Then there was no longer any room for doubt. Philip shrank at the blow she gave him. He had thought all uncertainty was gone long ago, but he found that up to this very instant he had cherished a spark of hope that Bertha had a right to the name of the man she had fled with. And she was "Miss" still. His hostess way saying something, but he did not hear it, there was such a deathly faintness about his heart.

Then there came a step in the hall, and his familiar thrill of tenderness at her coming. She lingered an instant on the threshold, an old habit of hers that gave him time to step forward and meet her.

Mrs. Ellingsworth had risen, too, and was waiting to speak. It was only tenderness in Philip Breton's eyes as he took both Bertha's hands so gently, but she said:

"Am I very much changed, then?" and a pained look flitted across her face. Philip did not answer her for a moment, he was so distressed at her interpretation of the love that made his sight misty as he gazed at her.

"Well, I suppose I am in the way," remarked the mistress of the house, with inbred vulgarity. She was smiling sweetly, but women's smiles do not always signify amiability. "I suppose," she added, letting her skirts touch her two guests as she passed out, "you want to talk over old times with Miss Ellingsworth."

Now came the last terrible assurance; Philip winced at the heartless blow, but not so much as a flush passed over Bertha's cold face. She accepted the name without even a shade of silent denial on her calm features, though it was the badge of shame for her.

"Oh, no," but he dared not look her in the face for fear she should see his anxious pity for her. "You have been ill, perhaps, but I always thought you the loveliest woman in the world."

She smiled as she let him lead her to a seat. "You always said that." Then she glanced sadly into the mirror. "But it is more pleasant to hear now, for I know I am not pretty any longer."

Could she understand that the change that had come over her radiant beauty only changed his love to make it deeper? Could she not see the new intensity of yearning in his eyes as he raised them to her face again? He longed to draw her into his arms and kiss her tired face into eternal smiles. His love had been refined into a new divineness; a love capable of all sacrifices for her; that asked no price, but would pour itself in an eternal flood against her dull indifference, if it must be; a love more pain than joy, of unutterable yearnings for what he believed she could never have for him; that would seem to grow on her unresponsiveness; that welled up the mightier for her coldness, content if hereafter it might throw a little brightness on the path her snowy feet should tread; content if she would but let him warm her cold heart with his tenderness.

"Are you glad to be at home?" he asked, gently.

"Do you call this home, with my servant its mistress?" For a moment it was Bertha, as she used to be, her anger curling her red lips and flashing new fire into her tired eyes.

"Does she insult you?"

"It is insult enough that she is my father's wife. She can not go beyond that."

"Shall you stay here always?" asked Philip stupidly enough.

"I suppose so; where else is there?"

A wild impulse touched him; he loved her and she needed love, had he not waited long enough? But a sudden fear came into his mind and chilled his hope like a frozen fountain. She might have a child—how strange he had never thought of it before. Ah, it would be a strong love which could endure that, a baby to hang on her bosom and take her kisses, a baby with Curran's face. No, he could never bear that, anything better than that. Her sin he could forgive. Though it must linger forever in his memory, he would bury it beneath more blessed experiences. His love should hallow her, he would kiss away Curran's caresses from her lips. But if there were a child——

Philip started violently and looked at the door; he fancied he heard a sound like the pattering of infant feet. In a moment Bertha would catch to her arms her child and Curran's, and half smother it with a mother's kisses.

"Isn't that a child's voice?" he cried, rising to his feet and his eyes rested on her in a new pitiful reproach. He thought she started strangely, as if a mother's instincts stirred in her bosom.

"Oh, no; it is only Jane—I mean Mrs. Ellingsworth. What an innocent little laugh she has."

A child, with sweet winning ways, is a strange thing to hate, a lovely little rosebud to blossom no one knows how faultlessly by and by. But Philip thought he would hate her child—Bertha's child, perhaps with his darling's star like eyes; ah, was it not Curran's, too, the symbol of her shame? As he walked home in the twilight he saw in each toddling baby in the doorways and windows, an image of his own materialized fear and horror. Philip looked back from the hill on which stood his home to the village his father had built up. Those massive mills with their thousands of looms were his; those long rows of white houses, each one of which held a family rich in possibilities of virtue and hope, they all were his, and the new element of brightness and thrif, that had made the whole village a nursery of comfort and happiness was his work. Behind him was the great stone mansion with its arched gothic windows green with clustering woodbine, it was his too. How powerless he thought all that wealth and material power can do to solve one of the terrible problems a heart makes for itself.

Moodily he walked to his stables, in a kind of vague longing for companionship, and threw open the doors. Four horses stood in their stalls within, noble looking creatures all of them. They turned their stately heads toward the sound of their master's feet, they returned his love with love. One of them whinnied welcome and laid back his ears as his master came into the stall beside him.

"Poor fellow, good boy;" Philip patted his white neck affectionately. "You would do what you would for me, wouldn't you, Joe! I know you would, old fellow." He laid his

An image of his own materialized fear.

cheek against the animal's velvet nose. "But you couldn't go fast enough to get me out of this trouble, not if you died to do it.

CHAPTER XXII.

NO BARRIER.

Sensitiveness is a very unfortunate quality in life since no object is molded in accordance with the strict rules of art, since there is no character but has a repulsive spot in it, no history but with its dark page. The happy man is neither too enthusiastic over the virtues of his acquaintance, which may be accidental or merely a pretty optical delusion, or too stern and unrelenting toward sins, which he fancies might have been virtues under different conditions. But Philip Breton had fallen out with life. The great world seemed to jar him as it rolled. Each hour had revealed ungussed means of suffering, and even the beams of genial sunlight had daggers for him.

Yet it is hard for a man to understand that his fate may be pure, unalloyed pain. He is ever smiling through his tears and trying to awake from his despair, as if it were but a dream of disordered fancy. So as the next morning came, and Philip Breton threw open his door to go out into the sweet scented September air, he felt happier than for many weeks; the peace that came over him seemed to leave no place for cruel distrust and unrelenting pride. He even reproached himself for his ungenerousness of yesterday. The world of nature left no unsightly wounds and breaks in its whole dominion. Gaping graves are soon covered with green grass and wild flowers; life springs quickly out of death, and apparent ruin is soon forgotten in renewed magnificence. Why should he, then, let two lives be wrecked for one wrong act in the past—forever past?

He swung down his walk in a new buoyancy. He believed he had passed through the cloud and come out into the clear light of reason.

But at his gate a carriage rolled slowly by him. It contained a bridal couple, and he stopped to smile at them. The girl's face had no culture in it, but was sweet, and had the innocence of childhood. That ungainly fellow, who now wore his first broadcloth suit, at whom she looked so fondly, was the only lover she had ever known. She had no secrets from him, no past his jealous eyes might not scan without a pang. Her soul was open to him. No whisper to her shame could ever reach his insulted ears. Her life was commonplace, but no blot was on it, no guilty thought had ever left its trail across her heart. The rough lad, who was bold enough to put his arm about her waist in broad daylight could pour his foolish love making into her eager ears without stint. There was no theme he must avoid with her, no page in her life he must not cut.

He loved the soiled lily, loved it more than all the fresh roses. All other women might as well never have been born for him; this woman he would have died for. Could he not protect her from evil tongues? If she were trampled, could he not lift her into his bosom? If she were insulted, could he not put his man's heart and strength between her and shame? He would hurry to his darling, throw himself at her feet, her past should be buried, her life should begin with his happiness to-night.

"You want to marry Bertha? I supposed you were acquainted with her past."

It was in Mr. Ellingsworth's room, where he sat in dressing gown and slippers, well back in his easy chair. He was looking at Philip Breton very curiously. He had really fancied he understood human nature before.

"I suppose I am," answered Philip simply.

"Well, I know more of it than I wish I did. She ran away with a beggar, and she has come back. I dislike unpleasant memories, so I avoid unpleasant information. You know her—her—her relations with Curran? Yes, well," and the gentleman shrugged his slight shoulders, "no doubt you know what you are doing, you run your own risks."

"Risks?"

"Understand me, I asked but two questions—have you left Curran forever? do you want to come home? I had heard she had never been married. Jane has heard it. I feared it. Do you wonder I did not ask, not caring for a disagreeable certainty. Well, do your own questioning. I suppose the fact of her keeping her maiden name shows something."

What if he should find she was indeed married after all, when he had at last decided he could not live without her; when he had at last made up his mind that he must have her if he took a burden of life long shame into his soul with her? That would be a wretched freak for fortune to play with him; but how foolish he was, did not her name prove that she was unmarried?

"But I hate so to harrow up her memories," said Philip, in an unsteady voice; "to make her confess her shame before me. I should think that would be a father's duty."

"Can it be, my dear Philip," remarked Mr. Ellingsworth, with his own brilliant smile, "that you know me so little as to expect me to perform an unpleasant duty? There are people that love them—that never seem so much in their element as when engaged in some act of self sacrifice. You must really excuse me."

When Philip went down into the parlor Bertha was sitting there alone, and his fate seemed thrust upon him. Before he had time to dread breaking the subject to her he stood at the back of her chair, looking down on her thin, white fingers moving over her embroidery work. He laid his hand very gently on her shoulder. Ah, it was less round than it used to be. She was good enough to keep her eyes fixed on her work. There was no shade of heightened color on her cheeks, nor did she quicken her breathing.

"Bertha," he began, in a low, sweet voice, "I am going to ask you something." Still she did not look up.

"If, at some time before you died, a man whom you liked came and asked you to marry him," he spoke very slowly, "is there any reason why you must say no?"

Not one flush or nervous tremor. She threaded her needle again with the red worsted. "What do you mean by reason?"

"I mean," he said, in forced calm, "is there any barrier which the laws make to prevent you from marrying him?" Since he had begun to dream of marriage, he had thought only of the barrier of her shame; he had not thought that there might be a barrier more impregnable. But it came over him all the more terribly now. That would explain her lack of shame, her unbroken pride, that would be more consistent with his lifelong idea of her, if she had preserved her honor, and, alas, was already married and cut forever away from him. That would save her purity which he had thought sullied. No fingers of scorn could ever be pointed at her. No; but she would be lost to him forever. God forgive him, then, if he would rather have her dishonored, insulted, degraded, than lose her. Would she never answer? She laid down her needle and turned her face up toward him. He trembled like a child as he watched her lips part; in a moment his fate would be decided. It was terrible that his happiness could come only through her shame, and her honor meant a life of despair and loneliness for him, but so it seemed to him now.

"There is no barrier," she replied.

"Thank God," he whispered. The strain was removed. She had established her own disgrace with her own lips, without a drooping of her eyes, without a quiver of her lips. Ah, but he suffered in his very hope. It wounded him that he must rejoice in her shame, it was almost as if he had caused it. He bent low over her shoulder, in another moment he would have told her of the unchanging passion—of his love. All the bounds of his nature were broken down now. His whole soul seemed dissolving in ineffable tenderness for this cold woman, into whose calm, beautiful eyes he looked so hungrily.

"Like embroidery, don't you, Mr. Breton?"

Mrs. Ellingsworth flashed her small black eyes in delight. Philip started back in ill concealed dismay, but Bertha's face changed not one shade of expression as she rose magnificently to her feet and swept from the room.

The lady of the house looked unpleasantly after her.

"Isn't it funny, she don't seem to like me? Do you suppose it is that Curran scrape that has put her so much above me?"

Philip glanced savagely at her; he could almost have struck her, without thinking of her womanhood, there was such a snake like look in the glistening black eyes. One might as well reproach a wild creature of the forest for following out its instincts; but after a moment he said:

"Mrs. Ellingsworth forgets she is a lady?"

But she was beautiful, if not a lady, her hot blood lighting up her round olive cheeks as if it were liquid fire and her curled lips glowing like a perfect rose just bursting into bloom. No man could look at her now and not feel a mad soulless fascination for her, a fascination the greater because mixed with revulsion. She was a perfect type of the womanhood that can madden a man with passion, without tenderness, that can wreck his life, banish every noble hope or ideal from his soul and feed him nothing but dead sea fruit.

"It's strange what makes a lady," she answered him in growing excitement. "Your Bertha is one no matter what vileness she sinks to, but I can't whisper one rude word."

She came close to him and put her burning fingers on his hand. "Your horse loves you better than that woman. She will torture you to death, let her alone." Then she sprang away from him, and walked backward and forward clasping and unclasping her clinging fingers in her old habit. "Oh, I hate her, I hate her; but what good is it? I would dash myself to pieces to break her, but I could not. She steals my lover and then leaves him. She comes back disgraced in the eyes of her own father; but she does not feel it. And now comes her lover with his riches, and offers everything to her. She deserves nothing, but gets everything." She would have raved on, but Philip Breton walked slowly out of the room. Nothing could ever move him now; he preferred the woman she maligned to all the other hopes or possessions in the world.

CHAPTER XXIII.

NO APPRECIATION OF EMBROIDERY.

It was the next afternoon, as Philip Breton was unhitching Joe from the post, that he had occasion to doff his hat to Mrs. Ellingsworth, driving by with her husband. They made a very pretty picture of marital bliss; perhaps they were all the happier because neither of them had souls. Philip had been intending to go to his factory, there was some business he ought to attend to, but the sudden assurance that Bertha was alone made his heart give a great bound. What better time than now to tell her of his unaltered love, to win her promise to let him make her happy? So his business was postponed, and he rang the bell at Mr. Ellingsworth's instead.

"Not in?" he repeated after the servant in dismay. Would his luck never change? Had she been frightened at his manner the night before, and gone away to avoid his unpleasant suit?"

"But she isn't far away," and the girl smiled at the disappointment that had come over his face. "I guess, now, you will find her in the garden; or I will call her if you say."

"No, don't call her," and Philip hurried out to the garden. What more fitting place for what he had to say if he could find his voice for the great lump in his throat. He must be very eloquent to persuade her, to answer all her objections, to assure her that it was not pity that moved him, for she would resent that, but love—a love that craved her above all the world.

She looked up from her embroidery at the sound of his footsteps and smiled. Her beauty might all go, as its first bloom and freshness had gone, and her cheeks fade like the autumn leaves whose glowing tints they had once worn; her golden hair might whiten with age, he knew it would make no difference in his love. She wore the same dress she had worn in that other garden scene. She had grown thin and gone back to the dresses of her girlhood. It was a light blue silk, open low in the neck, filled in with nestling folds of lace. The sunbeams made their way through the low hanging trees, and with them came the breath of the roses, and the humming of the bees, just as on that other day.

Philip seated himself on the bench beside her, and tried to make his voice calm as he said:

"Do you remember when you last wore this dress?"

Would she be frightened at the intensity of gentleness in his voice?

But she smiled as frankly at him as if he were her brother. "Oh, yes."

He put his hand on her arm, cool as if love and passion were forever outside her experience. "Bertha, I love you more now than then. I will not frighten you with my vehemence; I have learned to conquer myself. I will cherish you as a child, but, oh, Bertha, I want to be near you."

The woman did not draw away from him. She was looking, with a changed expression at his eager face—the face of the lover whom no coldness could chill; who returned again after her desertion of him, whom no shame could alter. He had stirred something like admiration in her at last. A tinge of delicate color rose from her neck among the fold-lace, and mounted to the roots of her golden hair. It was the first time he had ever moved her.

"And you love me as much now as that day I fell asleep on your shoulder—ages ago, it must have been?" Then her great blue eyes drooped under the intensity of love that looked from his face—a love beyond her power to understand.

He gathered her hands in his. "As much and more—a deeper, purer, gentler love that will protect you against its own very vehemence—that would rather make sacrifices for you than joys for itself."

"Take me, then," and she let him draw her head on his breast, where she felt the throbbing growing mightier and mightier, though he only pressed his lips upon her cool forehead. Then she drew back. She did not look in his face, which had a great light in it, perhaps she was ashamed that she had nothing to give him, ashamed that her heart was so cold under the rapture that looked out of his eyes.

"But Philip, you must not hurry me too much. I am slow, and this is so sudden, I would as soon have thought of an earthquake." Then she glanced wonderingly at him as if to make sure. "Ah, Philip, you deserve a better love than mine." But he caught her hand to his lips, and held it there while he covered it with kisses,

"I would rather the flower you wear in your bosom than any woman in the world besides you. I learned to love with you, Bertha."

But she took her hand away uneasily. "But you won't hurry me, will you, Philip? How could she ask him to wait much longer? "For if you do"——

"Oh, no—I will give you a whole week." He laughed, and then grew suddenly very sober. "Haven't I given you long enough?"

"I must take a little journey first," and her eyes appeared to avoid his. A sudden tide of jealousy swept over him. Had she deserved his trust?"

"I will go with you. It shall be our wedding journey."

She flushed nervously—"Oh, no, not yet."

Where could she be going? To one last interview with Curran, perhaps, and he felt that he could not bear one thought of him should ever cross her soul again. How short a time it took to spoil his happiness. The glow had left his heart, the light had gone out of his eyes, all in a moment. Is misery then the only thing that can last?

"Only this once," she said. "You shall go with me always then."

His mood melted and in a moment he was kneeling before her. "Oh, Bertha, be fair with me—for you hold me in the hollow of your hand. Do not fail me now when you have seemed so near me."

She put her hand on his bowed head, perhaps some sweet word trembled on her lips. He hungered for it, and when she did not speak, he looked up into the face of his bride She had seemed so far from him, a world could not have parted them more, but he was at her feet, and she had promised to be his wife.

"My dear Philip, excuse me, but you are crushing my embroidery." So he was. He was kneeling on it in his fond idolatry, as if a piece of worsted work was of no account. He found his feet and cast a pathetic glance at the square of canvas before he stooped to pick it up. It was strange, indeed, that he should have been so carried away in his passionate ardor as not to notice what he was kneeling on.

"I hope I have not ruined your work," he said, simply. No, he had only rumpled it a little, and he would have been willing to purchase all the canvas and worsted in two cities, rather than have missed the tender word he thought was on her lips.

(To be Continued.)

That Democratic Family Row.

If David B. Hill does not behave himself the Democratic party will not nominate him in 1892.—Macon Telegraph.

The more demonstrative Governor Hill's supporters become the more oil Grover pours on the federal machine.—Cincinnati Times-Star.

There is a panic in all the circles of President Cleveland's supporters for a second term. Governor Hill caused it. What with Hill and Randall alive and Dan Manning dead, Mr. Cleveland is going to have his hands full when the spring time comes, gentle Annie.—Chicago Journal.

Governor Hill started out to look for the presidential nomination with a dark lantern and a jimmy. He had his shoes off and was treading, oh, so softly, when he made a misstep and attracted some attention before he could hide his kit of tools. He now says openly that he is going to get to the White House if he can. That is what he ought to have said some time ago before he was found out and made to own up.—Chicago News.

About the size of Cleveland's wish as to the place where the Democratic convention should be held is this: "New York, unless Dave Hill wants New York, too. In that case, take any place but that, and my firm nerves shall never tremble."—New York Press.

Must Have a New Set of Hands.

It is related that an old Democratic friend of President Cleveland called his attention to the lack of managers for his campaign. "You must be looking around, Mr. President," said he, "for men to run your campaign, if you are renominated. Mr. Manning is dead. So is Hubert O. Thompson. There is no John Kelly ruling Tammany Hall now with whom to make a trade. These were the men who elected you. But more than that, you will find William H. Barnum disinclined to stay at the head of the national committee. You must find another man than Senator Gorman for chairman of the national executive committee. Smith M. Weed is going to Europe to be gone a year. You have put Col. Smalley into a federal office, so that he can't have anything to do with the canvass. Mr. Smith, who was chairman of the New York state executive committee in 1884, has gone west, and another man must fill that place. Do you realize that none of the men who stood up for you in 1884 will be at the front this year, and that you must pick out an entirely new set of hands?"—Burlington (Vt.) Free Press.

All, All Are Interested.

If the Carlisle cranks and whisky ring monopolists reduce the tariff on iron, then we will be relegated to the condition we were in before the war. Without the carrying trade of our furnaces, mills and factories, and the supplies necessary to keep them going, our railroads would go down to weekly trips (if run at all). Bats and owls would become the occupants of our palatial stores and residences; our farmers, now prosperous from the fact of having a market for product of farm, orchard, garden and dairy, would become only consumers of their own products, and store clothes and the luxuries they now enjoy would only be remembered in the execration of the law makers who were parties to this unnatural war on our section; when I say section, I mean the mineral section of the whole south.—Extract from letter of R. B. Kyle, of Gadsden, Ala., to the member of congress from his district, Gen. W. H. Forney

American Sovereign and British Subject.

Mr. Moen, of the famous firm of Washburn & Moen, of Worcester, Mass., who employ nearly 3,000 men, declares if the wages of these men are reduced to the English standard he can compete with England or any other country in the manufacture of wire of all kinds. So long as he pays twice as much he cannot. He is opposed to reducing the wages on general principles—mainly, however, because he believes the American sovereign is entitled to more wages than the British subject.—New York Press.

No Room for Honest Men.

The only Democrats in the country who are "better than their party" are in private life. When Hon. Allen G. Thurman first began to display an eccentricity of this character he was quickly and summarily sent home, and he has been kept home ever since. At the present time he could not be elected an alderman or a town constable except by Republican votes.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

It Was Only a Bluff.

The money in the treasury only increased $11,532,532 last month. Congress has been in session fifty-eight days and nothing has been done to reduce the flow of money into the government strong boxes The tobacco tax and the sugar tax could have been removed any day since congress assembled. This would have reduced the income $15,000,000 since congress met.

Brief, but Impressive.

A statement of the relative wages paid in a woolen mill employing 221 hands, in Providence, R. I., and a mill of the same kind and size in Bradford, England, shows over 100 per cent. in favor of the American operatives. It is by such figures as these that the arguments of the free traders in this country are easily and conclusively refuted.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Professions and Practice.

An administration that has made more removals and changes in office than any other since Jackson's—such is the record upon which Mr. Cleveland will appeal to the spoilsmen this year. As to the Mugwumps—well, he will not appeal to them. They will have to appeal to him or let judgment go by default.—Philadelphia Press.

Bitten by a Tarantula.

A boy's life was saved in a singular manner near Gilroy Valley, Cal., not long since. The lad, a son of Niel O'Brien, while putting on an undershirt one morning, was bitten four times by a large tarantula, which was concealed in one of the sleeves of the garment, before he could divest himself of it and kill the wrathsome thing. His father, rushing to him on hearing his outcry, took in the situation at a glance and hurriedly killed a turkey. The bird was ripped open in the stomach and laid entrails and all, on the child's arm, and numerous doses of whisky administered at the time and during the drive to town for medical assistance. The doctor pronounced the treatment as the very best, and by its promptness had probably saved the boy's life. When the turkey was taken from the arm its flesh had become quite hard and black from the absorbed poison. The boy quickly recovered and is now attending school.—Chicago News.

The Whole Story in a Paragraph.

Free traders say that tariff duties are taxes on the consumers. If we had no tariff our imports would very largely exceed our exports. We would have to meet this excess by money, and it would be a heavier tax on the country than the duties under a protective tariff. During the revenue reform tariff period, from 1846 to 1861, although we were producing immense quantities of gold from the California mines we had to send it abroad by every outgoing steamer to pay our debts for imports, because we could not export enough to pay for what we imported. On the other hand, if we buy only articles of domestic manufacture and production the money we pay for them remains here to add to our prosperity by keeping the wheels of industry in motion. What we pay for foreign goods is the real tax, not the duty on them.—Fiber and Fabric.

Home Artists Are Too Common.

It is, perhaps, not strange that this present un-American free trade administration should cater to foreign governments, but when Secretary Whitney advertises only in French and other foreign newspapers for plans for a steel submarine vessel he discourages and discredits American skill in an entirely unwarrantable manner. America surpasses the world in inventive genius, and the greatest gifts to mankind in the way of inventions for practical uses have come from American inventors. Whenever the demand has been made the invention has been forthcoming, showing that here necessity is indeed the mother of invention.—Burlington Free Press.

The Difference in Parties and Men.

Senator Davis, of Minnesota, has resigned his position as member of the national Republican committee because he thinks it inconsistent with his duties as senator. Meanwhile, Secretary Vilas and Postmaster General Dickinson, two trusty pillars of this Democratic sham civil service reform administration, continue to hold their places in the national Democratic committee. If any one puts any faith in the civil service pretensions of the administration, or if its pretensions had not been exploded long ago, this exhibition of "offensive partisanship" would cause some surprise.—Cleveland Leader.

We Are Wide Awake, Thank You.

If anybody thinks the Republican party is asleep or apathetic, let him read the daily accounts that tell about the organization of new clubs, state leagues and other important adjuncts to a national campaign. The party was never more active or alert, and its young men, who give it vigor and aggressiveness, are especially bestirring themselves. The skies are bright with the promise of success if proper effort be put forth, and the mass of Republicans are rousing for a supreme effort during the presidential campaign.—Troy Times.

Ah, but There Are None Such.

It's about time for some free trader who has his faith grounded in knowledge to come to the front. The work of fighting protection is now carried on by those who are free traders, without knowledge, for partisan ends only.—Milwaukee Sentinel.

He that hath children, all his morsels are not his own.

An Absolute Cure.

The ORIGINAL ABIETINE OINTMENT is only put up in large two-ounce tin boxes, and is an absolute cure for old sores, burns, wounds, chapped hands and all kinds of skin eruptions. Will positively cure all kinds of piles. Aak for the ORIGINAL ABITINE OINTMENT Sold by Dowty & Becher at 25 cents per box—by mail 30 cents. mar7y

He that makes a good war, makes a good peace.

He that hath a head of wax, must not walk in the sun.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

THE BEST SALVE in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by Dowty & Becher. july27

"Did n't Know 't was Loaded"

May do for a stupid boy's excuse; but what can be said for the parent who sees his child languishing daily and fails to recognize the want of a tonic and blood-purifier? Formerly, a course of bitters, or sulphur and molasses, was the rule in well-regulated families; but now all intelligent households keep **Ayer's Sarsaparilla,** which is at once pleasant to the taste, and the most searching and effective blood medicine ever discovered.

Nathan S. Cleveland, 27 E. Canton st., Boston, writes: "My daughter, now 21 years old, was in perfect health until a year ago when she began to complain of fatigue, headache, debility, dizziness, indigestion, and loss of appetite. I concluded that all her complaints originated in impure blood, and induced her to take Ayer's Sarsaparilla. This medicine soon restored her blood-making organs to healthy action, and in due time reestablished her former health. I find Ayer's Sarsaparilla a most valuable remedy for the lassitude and debility incident to spring time."

J. Castright, Brooklyn Power Co., Brooklyn, N. Y., says: "As a Spring Medicine, I find a splendid substitute for the old-time compounds in Ayer's Sarsaparilla, with a few doses of Ayer's Pills. After their use, I feel fresher and stronger to go through the summer."

Ayer's Sarsaparilla,

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Price $1; six bottles, $5. Worth $5 a bottle.

A Sound Legal Opinion.

E. Bainbridge Munday, Esq., County Attorney, Clay county, Tex., says: "Have used Electric Bitters with most happy results. My brother also was very low with malarial fever and jaundice, but was cured by timely use of this medicine. Am satisfied Electric Bitters saved my life."

Mr. D. I. Wilcoxson, of Horse Cave, Ky., adds a like testimony, saying: He positively believes he would have died, had it not been for Electric Bitters.

This great remedy will ward off, as well as cure Malarial Diseases, and for all Kidney, Liver and Stomach Disorders stands unequaled. Price 50 cents, and $1 at Dowty & Becher's.

An upbraided morsel never choked any.

$5,000 Reward $5,000

For a better or more pleasant remedy for the cure of consumption, bronchial troubles, cough, croup and whooping cough than SANTA ABIE, the California king of consumption. Every bottle warranted. If you would be cured of that disgusting disease, catarrh, use CALIFORNIA CAT-R-CURE, $1 a jar; by mail $1.10. Santa Abie and Cat-R-Cure are sold and warranted by Dowty & Becher.

Far shooting never killed bird.

Good Wages Ahead.

George Stinson & Co., Portland, Maine, can give you work that you can do and live at home, making great pay. You are started free. Capital not needed. Both sexes. All ages. Cut this out and write at once; no harm will be done if you conclude not to go to work, after you learn all. All particulars free. Best paying work in this world. 4-1y

Death foreseen come not.

Mr. C. W. Battell a traveling man representing Messrs. S. Colins, Son & Co., printing inks, New York, after suffering intensly for two or three days with lameness of the shoulders and back, completely cured it with two applications of Chamberlain's Pain Balm. It cures lameness and rheumatism when all other treatment fails. Guaranteed and sold by Dowty & Becher.

An ill laborer quarrels with his tools.

A positive cure for liver and kidney troubles, constipation, sick and nervous headache and all blood diseases is "Moore's Tree of Life." Try it. Sold by Dr. A. Heintz.

He that blames would buy.

I am selling "Moore's Tree of Life" and it is said to give the very best satisfaction. Dr. A. Heintz. 30-6m3

He that sings on Friday shall weep on Sunday.

Worth Your Attention.

Cut this out and mail it to Allen & Co., Augusta, Maine, who will send you free, something now, that just coins money for all workers. As wonderful as the electric light, as genuine as pure gold, it will prove of lifelong value and importance to you. Both sexes, all ages. Allen & Co. bear expense of starting you in business. It will bring you in more cash, right away, than anything else in this world. Anyone anywhere can do the work, and live at home also. Better write at once; then, knowing all, should you conclude that you don't care to engage, why no harm is done. 4-1y

He that comes of a hen must scrape.

Try Moore's headache cure, it beats the world. For sale by Dr. A. Heintz.

Don't Experiment.

You cannot afford to waste time experimenting when your lungs are in danger. Consumption always seems, at first, only a cold. Do not permit any dealer to impose upon you with some cheap imitation of Dr. King's New Discovery for consumption, coughs and colds, but be sure you get the genuine. Because he can make more profit he may tell you he has something just as good or just the same. Don't be diceived, but insist upon getting Dr. King's New Discovery which is guaranteed to give relief in all throat, lung and chest affections. Trial bottles free at Dowty & Becher's drug store. Large bottles $1.

He that seeks trouble never misses.

The Excellent Qualities

Of the delightful liquid fruit remedy, Syrup of Figs, commend it to all who suffer from Habitual Constipation, Indigestion, Piles, etc. Being in liquid form and pleasing to the taste, harmless in its nature, strengthening as well as cleansing in its properties, it is easily taken by old and young, and truly beneficial in its effects, and, therefore, the favorite family remedy, especially with ladies and children, who require a gentle yet effective laxative. For sale only by Dowty & Becher.

He that once deceives is ever suspected

Who hath bitter in his mouth, spits not all sweet.

Whooping Cough may be kept under complete control and all danger avoided by frequent doses of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. No better treatment can be prescribed for it. Sold by Dowty & Becher.

Who doeth his own business, fouls not his hands.

THE IMPORTING DRAFT HORSE CO.

LINCOLN, NEBRASKA.

—IMPORTERS OF—

Pure-bred French Draft (Percheron or Norman) AND ENGLISH SHIRE HORSES.

Visitors always welcome. Call and see our horses or send for catalogue.

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109 & 111 W. Ninth St., KANSAS CITY, MO.

The only Specialist in the City who is a Regular Graduate in Medicine. Over 20 years' Practice, 12 years in Chicago.

THE OLDEST IN AGE, AND LONGEST LOCATED.

Authorized by the State to treat Chronic, Nervous and "Special Diseases," Seminal Weakness (*night losses*), Sexual Debility (*loss of sexual power*), Nervous Debility, Poisoned Blood, Ulcers and Swellings of every kind, Urinary Diseases,